

MME. MATZENAUER NOW THE WIFE OF FLOYD GLOTZBACH



MME. MATZENAUER
@MISAKIN STUDIO.

Formal Announcement of Marriage in Carlsbad of Metropolitan Opera Company Singer.

Friends of Mme. Margarete Matzenauer, mezzo-soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, received formal announcement from Carlsbad yesterday of her marriage to Floyd Glotzbach, a New York tenor. The singer sailed from New York the last week in May upon news of the illness of her mother, Dr. Bochum, Westphalia. She reached Bochum eight hours after her mother's death.

Mr. Glotzbach and Mme. Matzenauer had met informally in New York. He was a passenger on the steamer that took her to Europe. They were married in Carlsbad ten days after her mother's death. They will return to New York about the middle of September. The bride formerly was the wife of Karan Fontana, tenor.

OYSTER BAY WOMAN DROWNS WHILE RACING.

Alma Downing Disappears in Crossing Lake Owasco, N. J.

Swimming in a race across Lake Owasco, near Newton, N. J., Miss Alma Downing of Oyster Bay, L. I., was drowned yesterday afternoon. Miss Downing, daughter of George Downing, occupied a cottage on the east side of the lake, with Edith Burr and Ruth Munson, also from Oyster Bay. The three started in a race from the cottage to the west shore, about a half mile. Miss Downing, an excellent swimmer, was behind the other two. Near the center of the lake they heard her shout, but did not turn around until they reached shore, so eager were they to beat her across. She was no where in sight. The other women hurriedly swam back but could find no trace of her. The body was recovered last night and will be brought to New York today. Miss Downing was thirty-four years old.

MEYER INQUIRY WITNESS CUT OFF CITY PAYROLL.

Connolly Finds Hackett Took Time Off Without Reporting.

Thomas Hackett of No. 147 Grand Avenue, who has some reputation in Queens County as a shaggy entertainer, was separated today by Borough President Connolly from the city payroll, on which he has been since 1912 as a messenger in the Queens Highway Department. The Borough President learned recently that Hackett had been subpoenaed to testify before a subcommittee of the Meyer investigation. He learned that Hackett had been asked if he was in Rochester June 6, 7 and 8 last, and that Hackett replied he had spent those days in Rochester in his allowance for vacation time. Mr. Connolly sought Mr. Hackett's time card record in the idea. It was not there. Later the card was found torn to bits in a waste basket in Hackett's office. Picked out, it showed Hackett's absence for three days in June had not been reported. Hackett was on trial and found guilty of the omission.

CRIMINAL SHOT DEAD BY JERSEY POLICEMAN.

Man Who Committed 200 Robberies Slain as He Jimmies Window.

William Cymanski, an habitual criminal, was killed early today by Police Officer John J. Beck who surprised him jimmieing a window in the home of Frank A. Currie, No. 55 South Munn Avenue, East Orange. Beck shot him through the heart as he ran from the house. The criminal record of Cymanski, according to the police, began when he was ten years old and he had been in reformatories, jails and prison at various times ever since. But no institution was secure enough to hold him. He escaped last January from the State Hospital for the Criminal Insane at Trenton, whither he had been transferred to serve a term of from 15 to 20 years for habitual burglary. Once he leaped from an automobile filled with detectives who were taking him to prison and made his getaway through a crowd of school children. The police say he committed not less than 200 robberies. He was twenty-five years old.

SAFE BLOWN, \$800 STOLEN IN INSURANCE CO.'S OFFICE.

Burglars Use Desk as Screen in 125th Street Robbery. The safe in the office of the John Hancock Life Insurance Company's office on the third floor of No. 125 West 125th Street was found this morning to have been blown open by burglars, who stole \$800.

It is believed the thieves secreted themselves in the building until it was closed last night and then took their time over the safe. They stood a desk on end to serve as a screen and worked behind it so as not to be seen from the street. They wrenched off the combination lock and then blew the door off, apparently with nitro glycerine.

ANOTHER THRILLING "TARZAN" STORY Tarzan the Terrible! By Edgar Rice Burroughs Copyright 1921 by Edgar Rice Burroughs

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENT.

Tarzan of the Apes learns from the diary of a dead German that his wife, Lady Jane Clayton, is being held in the interior of Africa, having been sent into the Congo Free State in charge of Lord Overton. Starting in search of her, Tarzan adventures in the jungle a man-thrill with the aid of a monkey. The pith-helmeted hero finds his friends and the two journey on together. A third creature, wild and savage, joins them and kills a tiger that has attacked Tarzan.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued.)

TARZAN waited, ready either for peace or war. Presently two shaggy black hands were raised; the left was laid upon his own heart and the right extended until the palm touched Tarzan's breast. It was the same form of friendly salutation with which the pith-helmeted hero had sealed his alliance with the ape-man, and Tarzan, glad of every ally he could win in this strange and savage world, quickly accepted the proffered friendship.

At the conclusion of the brief ceremony Tarzan, glancing in the direction of the hairless pith-helmeted hero, discovered that the latter had recovered consciousness and was sitting erect, watching them intently. He now rose slowly, and at the same time the shaggy black turned in his direction and addressed him in what evidently was their common language. The hairless one replied, and the two approached each other slowly. Tarzan watched interestedly the outcome of their meeting. They talked a few words apart, but one and then the other speaking rapidly but without apparent excitement, each occasionally glancing or nodding toward Tarzan, indicating that he was to some extent the subject of their conversation.

Presently they advanced again until they met, whereupon was repeated the brief ceremony of alliance which had previously marked the cessation of hostilities between Tarzan and the black. They then advanced toward the ape-man, addressing him earnestly as though endeavoring to convey to him some important information. Presently, however, they gave it up as an unprofitable job and, resorting to sign language, conveyed to Tarzan that they were proceeding upon their way together and were urging him to accompany them.

As the direction they indicated was a route which Tarzan had not previously traversed, he was extremely willing to accede to their request, as he had determined thoroughly to explore this unknown land before definitely abandoning search for Lady Jane therein.

For several days their way led through the foothills parallel to the lofty range towering above.

On the third day they came upon a low cliff at the foot of which tumbled one of the numerous mountain brooks that watered the plain below. Here the three took up their temporary abode, where Tarzan's instruction in the language of his companions progressed more rapidly than while on the march.

The cave gave evidence of having harbored other manlike forms in the past. Remnants of a crude rock fireplace remained, and the walls and ceiling were blackened with the smoke of many fires. Scratched in the soot, and sometimes deeply into the rock beneath, were strange hieroglyphics and the outlines of beasts and birds and reptiles, some of the latter of weird form suggesting the extinct creatures of Jurassic times. Some of the more recently made hieroglyphics, Tarzan's companions read with interest and comment upon, and then with the points of their knives they too added to the possibly age-old record of the blackened walls.

Tarzan's curiosity was aroused but the only explanation at which he could arrive was that he was looking upon possibly the world's most primitive hotel register. Tarzan's curiosity was still further piqued and his desire quickly to master their tongue strengthened, with the result that he felt to with even greater assiduity to the task he had set himself. Already he knew the names of his companions.

Tarzan, he of the hairless, white skin, having assumed the role of tutor, prosecuted his task with singleness of purpose that was reflected in his pupils' rapid mastery of Tarzan's mother tongue. Om-ai, the hairy black, also seemed to feel that there rested upon his broad shoulders a portion of the burden of responsibility for Tarzan's education. Tarzan explained to his companions the purpose of his mission, but neither could give him any slightest

thread of hope to weave into the fabric of his longing. Never had there been in their country a woman such as he described, nor any tallest man other than himself that they ever had seen.

"I have been gone from A-lur while Bu, the moon, has eaten seven times," said Ta-den. "Many things may happen in seven times twenty-eight days; and if she had, could she have entered our country across the terrible morasses which even you found almost insurmountable obstacles, and if she had, could she have survived the perils that you already have encountered, besides, those of which you have yet to learn? Not even our own women venture into the savage lands beyond the cities."

"A-lur, Light-city, City of Light," mused Tarzan, translating the word into his own tongue. "And where is A-lur?" he asked. "Is it your city, Ta-den, and Om-ai's?"

"It is mine," replied the hairless one, "but not Om-ai's. The Nardos have no cities—they live in the trees of the forests and the caves of the hills—in it not so black man."

"It is beyond the mountains," replied Ta-den. "I do not return to it, but yet, Not until Kootan is no more."

"Kootan?" queried Tarzan. "Kootan is king," explained the pith-helmeted hero. "He rules this land. I was one of his warriors. I lived in the palace of Kootan and there I met Olo-a, his daughter, who loved me starlight, and I; but Kootan would have none of me. He sent me away to fight with the men of the village of Pakot, who had refused to pay tribute to the King, thinking that I would be killed, for Pakot is famous for his many fine warriors. And I was not killed, for I defeated them victorious with the tribute and with Pakot himself as prisoner for Kootan was not pleased, because he saw that Olo-a loved me even more than before, her love being strengthened and fortified by pride in my achievement."

"Powerful is my father, Ta-den, the Lion-man, chief of the largest village outside of A-lur. Him Kootan hesitated to affront, and so he could not but praise me for my success, though he did it with half a smile. But you do not understand! It is what we call a smile that moves only the muscles of the face and affects not the light of the eyes. It means hypocrisy and duplicity. I must be praised and rewarded. What better than that he reward me with the hand of Olo-a, his daughter? But now he sends Olo-a for Kootan's son of

Mo-sar, the chief whose great grandfather was King and who thinks that he should be King. Thus would Kootan appease the wrath of Mo-sar and win the friendship of those who think with Mo-sar that Mo-sar should be King."

"It was Olo-a herself who brought word to me that her father had given the command that she would set in motion the machinery of the temple. A messenger was on his way in search of me to summon me to Kootan's presence. To have refused the priesthood, once it was offered me by the King, would have been to have affronted the temple and the gods—that would have meant death, but if I did not have to refuse anything, Olo-a and I decided that I must not appear. It was better to fly, carrying in my bosom a shred of hope, than to remain, and, with my priesthood, abandon hope forever."

Since then I have wandered far from the haunts of the Nardos, but strong within me is the urge to return if even but to look from without her walls upon the city that holds her most dear to me and again to visit the village of my birth, to see again my father and my mother."

"And I shall go with you, if I may," said the ape-man, "for I must see this City of Light, this A-lur of yours, and search there for my lost mate, even though you believe that there is little chance that I find her. And you, Om-ai, do you come with us?"

"Why not?" asked the hairy one. "The hairs of my tribe lie in the crease above A-lur and though Es-sat, our chief, drove me out, I should like to return again, for there is a she there upon whom I should be glad to look once more and who would be glad to look upon me."

"And fight together," added Ta-den, "the three as one." "The three as one," replied Tarzan, "the three as one," and as he spoke he drew his knife and held it above his head.

"The three as one!" repeated Om-ai, drawing his weapon and duplicating Tarzan's act. "It is so!"

"The three as one!" cried Tarzan, "the three as one," and his blade flashed in the sunlight. "Let us go, then," said Om-ai; "my knife is dry and cries aloud for the blood of Es-sat!"

"Let us remain together as long as possible," urged Ta-den. "You, Om-ai, must seek Pan-at-lee by night and by stealth, for there, even as there, may not hope to overcome Es-sat and all his warriors. At any time may we go to the village where my father is dead, for Ta-den always will welcome the friends of his son. But for Tarzan to enter A-lur is another matter, though there is a way and he has the courage to put it to the test—listen, come close, for Ta-den has been here and this he

must not hear," and with his lips close to the ears of his companions, Ta-den, the Lion-man, unfolded his daring plan.

And at the same moment, a hundred miles away, a little figure, naked but for a loin cloth and weapons, moved silently across a thorn-covered, waterless steppe, searching always along the ground before him with keen eyes and sensitive nostrils.

CHAPTER III.

NIGHT had fallen upon uncharted Pal-ul-don. A slender moon, low in the west, bathed the white faces of the chalk cliffs presented to her in a mellow, unearthly glow. Black were the shadows in Kor-ul-Ja, Gorge-of-Lions, where dwelt the tribe of the same name under Es-sat, their chief. From an aperture near the summit of the lofty escarpment a hairy figure emerged—the head and shoulders first—and fierce eyes scanned the cliff-

side in every direction. It was Es-sat, the chief. To right and left and below he looked as though to assure himself that he was unobserved. Then he moved outward upon the sheer face of the white chalk wall. In the half-light of the baby moon it appeared that the heavy, shaggy black figure moved across the face of the perpendicular wall in some miraculous manner, but closer examination would have revealed stout pegs as large around as a man's wrist protruding from holes in the cliff into which they were driven. Es-sat's four hindlike members and his long, sinuous tail permitted him to move with consummate ease whither he chose—a gigantic rat upon a mighty wall. As he progressed upon his way he avoided the cave mouths, passing either above or below those that lay in his path. Now he paused before an entrance-way and listened and then, noiselessly as the moonlight upon the tinkling waters, he merged with the shadows

of the outer porch. At the doorway leading into the interior he paused again, listening, and then quietly pushing aside the heavy skin that covered the aperture, he passed with a large chamber hewn from the living rock. From the far end, through another doorway, shone a light, dimly. Toward this he crept with utmost stealth, his naked feet giving forth no sound. The knotted club that had been hanging at his back from a thong about his neck he now removed and carried in his left hand.

Beyond the second doorway was a corridor running parallel with the cliff face. In this corridor were three more doorways, one at each end and a third almost opposite that in which Es-sat stood. The light was coming from an apartment at the end of the corridor at his left. A sputtering flame rose and fell in a small stone receptacle that stood upon a table or bench of the same material, a monolithic bench fashioned at the time the room was excavated, rising massively from the floor, of which it was a part. Do Not Fail to Read To-Morrow's Interesting Installment.

SALE AT THREE BROOKLYN STORES

Fulton Street Store Closed All Day Saturday During July and August.
Broadway and Fifth Avenue Stores Closed Wednesday—Open Saturday Till 10 P. M.

1329-1331
BROADWAY
Near Gates Avenue
BROOKLYN

Martin's

FULTON STREET cor of BRIDGE STREET
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BROOKLYN

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Taffetas, Foulards, Flowered Georgettes.

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Formerly up to 29.75 **13.85**
Taffetas, Baronet Satin Slipovers, Canton Crepes, Georgettes, Foulards, Linens and Organdies.

109 Dresses
Formerly up to 59.50 **23.85**
Fine Silk Frocks in attractive styles.

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Canton Crepe, Roshanara, Moon Glo, Kurni-Kurna. **7.75**

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